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abbath

News for and about
Seventh Day Baptists

September 1996

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ecorder

He plunged into sports and parties -
then ran to academics and even Christianity;
but all that time he was...



RUNNING AWAY **Y**



Little Angels

by Beth (Goodridge) Mennelle

I have kids,
that much is true.
Sometimes I don't know what to do!
They fight, they holler
They scream and shout.
Is this what motherhood is all about?
Crumbs on the table
toys on the floor
I don't think I can take much more!
Little voices everywhere:
"He took my toy!" "She pulled my hair!"
"When is dinner?" "What's for lunch?"
"Mom I'm hungry, what's to munch?"
I'm up—I'm down
They're in and out.
Laundry NEVER ends—I have found out!
The phone is ringing.
There's a skinned knee to mend.
Does the chaos ever end?

Then a whisper and a gentle shove
"You can do it. Embrace MY love."
"I gave you these children,
entrusted them to your care.
Call on me—I'm always there.
For every tear, I'll give you a smile.
I'll give you joy for every trial.
I'll give you peace—if you only ask.
And strength to meet each
day's new task."

With each new day
new challenges come creeping.
But at day's end—PEACE
For little angels are sleeping!

The Sabbath Recorder



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Who are Seventh Day Baptists?

If you've never read *The Sabbath Recorder* before, you might be wondering who Seventh Day Baptists are. Like other Baptists, we believe in:

- the saving love of Jesus Christ.
- the Bible as the inspired word of God and a record of God's will for man. The Bible is our authority both for our faith and our daily conduct.
- freedom of thought under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
- the congregational form of church government. Every member of the church has the right to participate in the decision making process of the church.

The seventh day

God commanded that the seventh day (Saturday) be kept holy. Jesus agreed by keeping it as a day of worship. We observe the seventh day of the week (Saturday) as God's Holy Day as an act of loving obedience—not as a means of salvation. Salvation is the free gift of God through Jesus Christ.

It is the joy of the Sabbath that makes Seventh Day Baptists just a little bit different. If you would like more information, write: Seventh Day Baptist Center, 3120 Kennedy Road, PO Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547-1678. Phone (608) 752-5055; FAX (608) 752-7711

Running away

by George Calhoun

Can you remember running away from home as a kid? I can.

I remember being very young and, for whatever reason, I had decided that I was going to run away. I put some things in a bag; you know, important stuff, like baseball cards of Mickey Mantle and Sandy Koufax. (Boy, I wish I had them now!)

I also packed my most favorite special rock, and other neat stuff that you need if you're going to run away. And I didn't forget a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, an essential ingredient for all those who have ever ventured far from home.

And so I started on my adventure of running away.

But I didn't get very far. My problem? I wasn't allowed to cross the street.

So I went around the block, ate my sandwich on the way, and came home.

You know, a lot of us run away from home and don't go very far. In fact, many of us run away and never go anywhere. And we don't just do it as kids; we do it as adults.

We run away from things that are unpleasant to us. Things that scare us, or things that we don't know what to do with or how to handle.

The sad thing about this kind of running away is that we can do it and not even know we are doing it.

This past week, I, along with my brother and sister, buried my mom. We said goodbye to one of the most influential people in our lives. But not only did I say goodbye, I took time to deal with some unfinished business, business that I had been running away from for a very long time.



A lot of us run away from home and don't go very far. In fact, many of us run away and never go anywhere.

I share this with you perhaps because I need to, and because I think that there is a significant number of you who need to learn what I have learned and what I

am beginning to learn—that many of us run away from things, but never go anywhere.

My mom married not long after high school, and had two children

seven years apart. Then something tragic happened. Her young husband developed cancer and died, leaving her with an 11 and 4-year-old.

My own dad had never been married. After the war, he settled into a factory job and spent his weekends at the local tavern playing cards and hanging out with the guys. It's hard to imagine my dad hanging out with the guys; you don't think dads do that kind of thing.

It's also hard to think that your parents have struggles. As a kid, you get the idea that they are somehow immune from problems. That maybe by the time one becomes a parent, you have learned the secrets of life and that everything is and should be smooth sailing.

All I know is that we never talked about the struggles. Feelings were somehow off limits—as I am sure it was for my parents when they were kids. You just didn't do those things.

Well, as legend has it, my dad met my mom, they courted, and got married in 1956. And guess what bundle of joy came along in 1957?! (No, not a new puppy...)

My mom and dad were both almost 40 when they got married and had by that time already estab-

lished some patterns. My dad didn't easily give up the weekend trips to the tavern. In fact, they were a regular part of my remembrance. And so was the arguing—a lot of arguing—and the dozen or so times that he moved out. It may have been only a week or two; I really don't remember.

I do remember, however, my freshman year in high school. My dad left, and my mom sold the

But this one wasn't a joke. It was very real.

It's funny how things stick in your memory. Today, I can hear a song that played on the radio 25 years ago during that difficult time, and I am immediately transported back there in my mind, feelings and all.

But I don't think I had a clue of what I was going through. Looking back on it, I've come to realize that

I've spent a large portion of my life running away. Not always in the conventional "running away mode," but in a variety of ways.

Sports, for instance, were always an important part of my life. When I wasn't playing sandlot ball, I was on a team. And when I wasn't playing, I was dreaming

about playing.

Though I never thought about it, at a very young age, I was already running away. Running away from painful experiences by running into athletics.

At first glance, one would think that that was

a good and wholesome thing to do. And it *was* wholesome. But I was also establishing some behavior patterns that would stay with me for a very long time: a habit of running away without going anywhere—running away from painful experiences. Things would haunt

My Christianity became based on what I did, and what I learned, and what I could accomplish. They were good and noble things in the name of Jesus, but I was still running away from the things that were haunting me.



house—the only home I had ever known—and we moved.

I know it sounds like the cruel joke that goes something like, "You were so ugly as a child, your folks sent you to the store for a loaf of bread, and when you came back, they had moved!"

me, and even at a very young age, insecurities and fears would often jump up and bite me.

I often wondered why I would get those knots in my stomach, and why I would get so nervous up at bat, and say things like, *I'm going to strike out; I know I'm going to strike out...* Guess what happened?

In high school, I began running on the cross country team and made varsity three years. Looking back, I'm not sure why. Was I hurting? More than likely. Was I angry? Probably. Was I unsure of myself? Unquestionably.

And so I ran. I ran to escape. I ran to get it out. I ran to push away whatever pain I was having. I ran at times to a point of exhaustion. I just ran, and ran, and ran.

As a running coach, I tell my runners not to look back because it breaks your stride. And you know what? I never looked back.

When I was 18, I went a thousand miles away to school. Was I running away? I didn't realize it at the time, but what do you think?

I ran to the parties of those early college days and found some comfort and acceptability there. But it wasn't long before the alcohol and the drugs that were so prevalent on college campuses in the mid-70s took hold of me. And I ran away into them.

By the time I was a junior, I had had enough of that. I transferred schools, and I ran into academics. I studied all the time, was on the Dean's List, and pursued the GPA—the coveted Grade Point Average. But those hounds were still on my heels, and it wasn't long before the academics didn't provide the cover I needed.

And so I found myself looking for a new course to run. I began the run into Christianity.

Now at first, that may sound like a solution. And it is definitely running in the right direction. The only problem is that I was running into this new-found faith carrying many of the things that I had held deep

within me all those years. I was running from what haunted me into my Christianity.

You see, I got caught early on. I now see that even though I was a born-again Christian and believed that I was a new creation—that the old was gone and the new had come—I was still running. Not running the race for the Lord, so much as running from those unresolved conflicts that were still very much present in my life.

And so, like many, I got into the "performance mode." My Christianity became based on what I did, and what I learned, and what I could accomplish. They were good and noble things in the name of Jesus, but I was still running away from the things that were haunting me.

The funny thing about it (or should I say, sad), is that I didn't even know it. I knew that there were some unresolved conflicts in my life. But they had become such a part of me, and so permeated my soul and spirit, that they were a significant part of me. In many ways, they were who and what I was and had become.

I was running from my past into Christ. And I was supporting it theologically.

Acts 20:24 says, "I consider my life worth nothing to me, if only I may finish the race and complete the task the Lord Jesus has given me."

And from 1 Corinthians 9:24-27—

"Do you not know that in a race all the runners run, but only one gets the prize? Run in such a way as to get the prize. Everyone who competes in the games goes into strict training. They do it to get a crown that will not last; but we do it to get a crown that will last forever. Therefore I do not run like a man running aimlessly; I do not fight like a man beating the air. No, I beat my body and make it my slave so that after I have preached to others, I myself will not be disqualified for the prize."

And so I did it. I disciplined myself to succeed. I went into strict training.

I was pretty shy, but I disciplined myself not to be. I wasn't the smartest, but I disciplined myself to study. I wasn't the fastest, but I disciplined myself to practice. I knew what it took to win.

I pushed aside anything and everything that would keep me from pursuing the goal that I believed God had set before me. And I ran the race.

I've been running for 25 years, physically as well as spiritually, mentally, and emotionally. As a runner and a coach, I've taught—and been taught—that you never look back. You never look over your shoulder to see what's gaining on you. If you do, you'll break your stride, and it'll catch you.

So I ran. I ran, and I ran, and I ran after the prize that God had called me heavenward in Christ Jesus.

But in reality, I wasn't running to the prize; I was running from those things that haunted me; things that I thought I couldn't allow to catch me and drag me down. I felt that they were on my heels and ready to tackle me if I let up for just one minute.

You can become pretty successful in this mode, but at what cost?

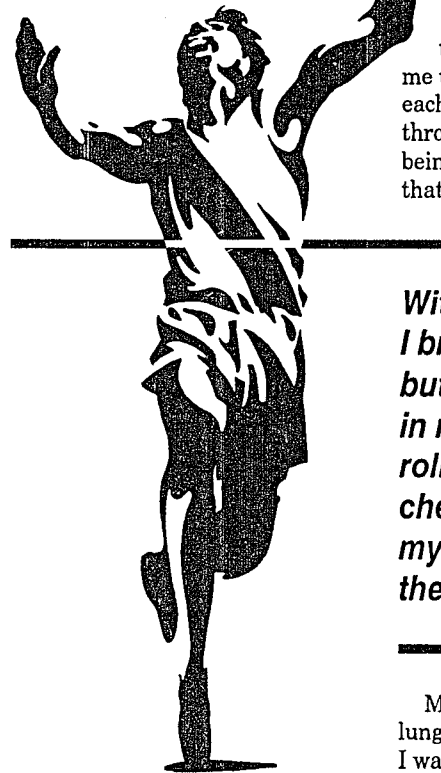
Have you ever read a passage a thousand times and then one day it speaks to you in a totally new way? Not that it is saying anything new; it's just that you're at that point in your life when you're ready to listen.

"Therefore, surrounded as we are by such a vast cloud of witnesses, let us fling aside every encumbrance, every burden, every hurt, every pain and the sin that so readily entangles our feet. And let us run not with fear and straining muscles, but with patient endurance the race that lies before us" (Hebrews 12:1).

When I went home this past week, I knew that I needed to deal with some issues in my life. I didn't

particularly want to do it, but I knew I needed to.

I went to visit the town we had moved to while in high school. I visited the school and my old house. Putting on my running clothes, I ran on the very roads I used to run on—or should I say, learned to run away on. And there



I parked my car down at the bottom, laced up my running shoes, stretched, took a hard swallow, and headed up that hill. As I ran, I could feel the gravity trying to pull me back down.

I could hear the old "tapes" playing in my head, and feel the hurt and pain that went with it. All those old feelings came crashing over me like a thousand waves desiring to pull me under. But I kept going. With each step, I knew I was crashing through some wall and that I was being untangled from the snares that had so easily entangled me.

***With one more stride,
I broke that invisible
but very real barrier
in my life. With tears
rolling down my
cheeks, I threw
my hands in
the air.***

My thighs were aching and my lungs began to burn, but I knew I was allowing the Lord to set me free.

Then I saw it—the crest of the hill, the summit. With one more stride, I broke that invisible but very real barrier in my life. With tears rolling down my cheeks, I threw my hands in the air.

It was finished. The peace that passes all understanding took hold of my heart, and I was changed. And I knew it.

I had no more animosity or anger toward my family, but full forgiveness. I had been running away from some hurt that was lodged in my soul, and I didn't even know it until I got the news of my mother last Thursday.

I ran past my old house, through the wooded area at the end of the

street, and back out onto the road that runs along the lake and across the bridge. As I ran, I could feel the hand of the Lord on my shoulder. *Good job, George. I'm pleased that you've taken that step. It's been long in coming. I couldn't make you do this; it had to be your decision, and in your time. But I am here with you, as I have been all along, and I'm proud of you.*

That peace that I was experiencing was real, because the next night, due to a storm in Chicago and delayed flights, I missed my bus and had to sleep in the airport.

I was so tired that I huddled on a bench with one of those little airline pillows about midnight. I took a clean running shirt out of my bag and put it over my head to shield my eyes from those obnoxious fluorescent lights. And I slept hard.

The next thing I remember was hearing a lot of people. I peeked through the opening of the shirt to see about 50 high school kids excited to get on a plane at 5:30 a.m. And a bunch of people in business suits.

I sat up and tried to focus through the sleep that had accumulated in the corner of my eyes. Two women sitting across from me began chuckling at this "Lazarus" who had just risen from the dead. My hair was sticking up in a million different directions, and I was truly a sight to behold.

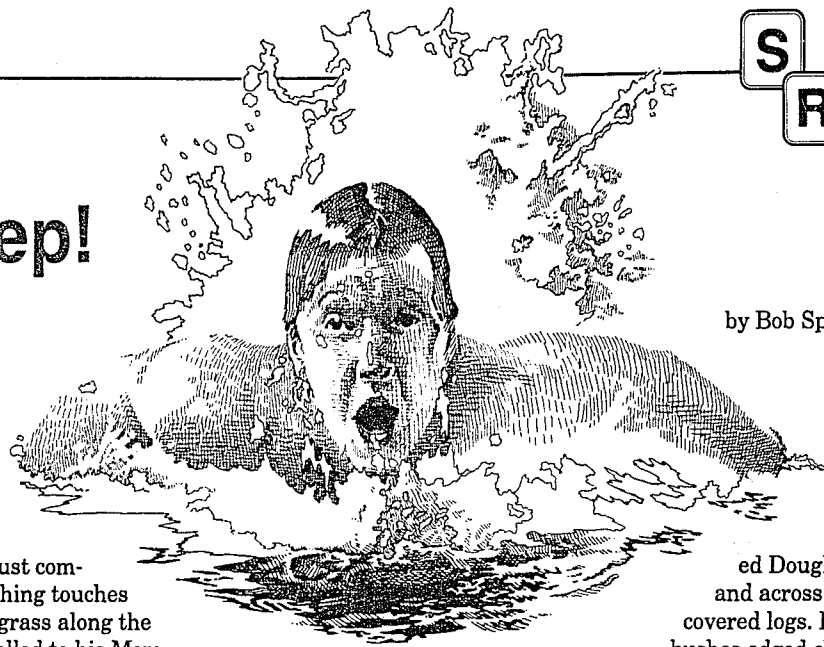
But you know what? I was okay. And I knew it. That peace that passes all understanding was still with me. I hadn't felt that good in a long time.

I got cleaned up, had a cup of coffee and a roll, and I came home.

Thank God, my running days are over. ✠

George Calhoun, pastor of the Milton, Wis., SDB Church, shared this message with his congregation on May 25, 1996.

Not deep!



by Bob Spreadborough

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R Feature

Kenny had just completed the finishing touches of clipping the grass along the sidewalk. He called to his Mom, "Is it okay for me to leave now?"

Kenny's Mom nodded, and smiled approvingly, "It looks good, son. You can go and join your pals now." He quickly put away the yard tools, and bounded down the trail to the gravel road that led to town.

Another warm sunny August morning, and not a cloud in the sky. Puffs of dust exploded with each footstep on the dusty road as he trudged along to join the friends who often gathered at the town soda fountain. The soda fountain was the place, it seemed, where everything worth doing began.

The sun seemed to beam out with rays of contentment that soaked in and warmed Kenny's inner being today. He reached the paved sidewalk, and walked a little faster. Almost there. As he entered the soda bar, the jukebox belted out a popular tune of the times: "Mabel... Mabel... sweet and able, get your elbows off the table."

His eyes scanned the room for familiar faces. Yes, they were there. He slid into the booth with some of the guys—Pete, Jerry, Corky, Wes, and Fred. "Hi ya' Kenny!" he was greeted, "What're you gonna do today?"

"Oh heck, I dunno," he answered. "I don't have to be back home 'til

supper time! So, I guess I'm ready for anything. What do you guys have in mind?" he questioned.

"We're thinking about going swimming at the little lake just south of town," Fred answered. "Want to go with us?"

"Sounds like a good plan to me!" Kenny replied. "It's gonna be hot again today, so we should be able to keep cool in the swimming hole. Count me in!"

Together, they pooled their nickels, dimes, and quarters. Enough for candy bars, bottled pop, and some chips. With the purchased provisions tucked into paper bags, they were soon walking along the edge of the highway south of town. After about a half mile, they left the highway for the trail to the lake. The noisy rush of traffic from the highway was quickly lost as the trail snaked through the thick underbrush of hazelnut and tall ferns mingling closely together.

As they laughed and chattered along the trail, wily chipmunks scattered and scolded, and a wide-eyed owl blinked as this noisy troupe entered their wooded domain.

The narrow trail snaked beneath a leafy canopy of green vine maples, around great rough bark-

ed Douglas fir trees, and across velvety moss-covered logs. Huckleberry bushes edged close to the trail with promises of berries yet to come. The heavy overgrowth provided dense shade, and not even a whisper of a breeze could be felt.

Hot and sticky, they pushed single-file along the trail. Each was anticipating the refreshing coolness of the lake.

Then suddenly, the water lay glistening before them in the mid-morning sunshine. A gentle wind ruffled the surface. At water's edge, cattails thrust their tawny stalks in soft salutes to the sun above. It was about five hundred feet across the opposite shore. Today, this small lake would be their private domain.

"Hoo haw!" whooped Fred. "Last one in the water is 'It' for tag!"

Shoes, socks, shirts, pants, and shorts went flying through the air, landing on the ground and on the bushes nearby, then six fast dashes and six grand splashes as the boys each rushed into the cool water.

The boys were like frisky sea otters, ducking and diving, and daring each other to see how far they could swim under water. It was a challenge for some, but for others it was easy to swim 30 feet under, or to a large flat rock submerged about four feet below the surface. There on the rock they would put

their feet down to stand as "kings of the castle."

Fred, Corky, and Wes quickly established themselves as kings of the rock. Pete, Jerry, and Kenny vigorously assailed them with a fury of water splashing back and forth between the kings and the invaders. With all the uproar, it was a while before anyone noticed the boy nearby.

Georgie Baldwin was not one of the regulars in the group, but the boys all knew him from school. He stood on the bank watching the gang on the rock. Pete, Jerry, and Kenny had won their positions to stand with the rest of the kings of the "castle." Wes waved to Georgie from the submerged rock, calling to him, "Hey Georgie, are you gonna swim?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna get in!" Georgie replied. He peeled off his clothes and was soon splashing along the edge of the water, knee deep.

On the rock, Wes nudged Fred with his elbow. Lowering his voice and grinning, he smirked, "Watch this!"

"Huh, watcha' gonna do?" Fred asked.

"Just listen 'n watch!" Wes whispered to the others on the rock, then turning toward Georgie, he called, "Hey Georgie, come on out where you can get wet all over!"

Cautiously, Georgie queried, "How deep is the water out there? I can't swim!"

"It's okay, not deep at all!" said Wes, as he stood on the submerged rock. "See, it's only up to our chests!"

The rest of the boys looked questioningly at Wes, but no one said a word to warn Georgie.

Still doubtful, Georgie called back, "Are you sure you guys aren't just treading water out there?"

"Heck no, we're standing on the bottom! See?" Wes held his arms high above his head. Georgie could see that the water looked no deeper than chest high.

Convinced, Georgie made a run and gleefully plunged carefree into the inviting lake. He immediately disappeared below the surface.

The "kings" on the rock stood frozen.

Then the water churned and Georgie's head bobbed up, arms flailing, and eyes rolling wildly. In the middle of his freckled face his mouth formed the shape of a scream, but it was stifled as he

Suddenly the happy-go-lucky summer day was turning into a climax of panic and fear.

inhaled a mouthful of water and sank gurgling out of sight.

"He's drowning! He's drowning!" Pete and Jerry screamed. Suddenly the happy-go-lucky summer day was turning into a climax of panic and fear.

Everyone jumped in and raced toward where Georgie had gone down. Each wanted to do something, anything to save him. But emotions of panic and terror were ruling.

Fred got there first, just as Georgie surfaced again. Georgie grabbed Fred, and climbed up his body like a terrified raccoon running up a tree. They both went under.

"Oh no, dear God, no!" Wes sputtered. "They're both drowning!" Someone pushed a floating railroad plank toward them but it veered away.

Futile! Wes swam to the struggling pair, hoping to help. Fred finally managed to wrench free of Georgie's weakening grip. Wes grabbed a fistful of Georgie's flaming red hair. Holding him at arm's

length, he swam, struggling desperately, pulling him at last to the bank.

Fred managed to struggle ashore, where the three lay exhausted. They were coughing and gagging up the lake water, but thankfully everyone was alive and breathing.

The boys were all very quiet now. As Georgie revived, he sat up and turned to Wes. Accusingly, he choked out, "I trusted you! You told me it wasn't deep! Why did you try to drown me?"

Wes hung his head, looking down at his feet. With a quaver in his voice, he replied, "I only meant it as a joke. I didn't think you would jump in so deep. It was a dumb trick, and I'm sorry Georgie."

Georgie slipped his shoes on, picked up his shirt, and disappeared alone through the canopy of green forest. The boys watched him, and quietly dressed, picked up the unopened snacks, and headed for home.

This story was based on an incident which happened to my schoolmates and friends. No one ever intended to harm Georgie, they were only teasing. But it has made me think about real life. Georgie had trusted his friends because he wanted to have a good time. They gave him false information. And it nearly cost him his life.

When we are tempted to do something that we are not sure is right or safe, we need to seek counsel that we know we can trust. Psalm 1:1 says, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." Psalm 33:11 advises, "The counsel of the Lord standeth forever." SR

Reprinted from the Messenger, newsletter of the Denver, Colo., SDB Church, where Bob Spreadborough is a member.

The SDB "Kinship System"

by John Peil and Rod Henry

The Kinship System

As General Conference President, I (John Peil) introduced the concept of the kinship system at General Conference in 1995. In my sermon, I described the nature of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination as a kinship system where we are related to one another with strong genetic relationships and/or strong emotional relationships. Seventh Day Baptists are like an extended family.

It usually takes a few months before a new person joins one of our churches. But it takes years before they have been fully integrated into the Seventh Day Baptist family. It can take from 7 to 10 years for this integration into the kinship system to take place.

Kinship systems function only with lots of face-to-face communication. We do not have one person, church, group, or Association with all of the answers. In our kinship system we talk as individuals, churches, groups, and Associations, and then we come to General Conference and decide how we are going to do things.

We do not respond well to task

forces, special groups, or resolutions. We just need to talk and talk and talk, and then we act. If it works, we vote it in. We function just like an extended family.

Our kinship system has few enemies, and that is why it has lasted so long. However, since the family is our foundation, a powerful enemy of the kinship system is the destruction of the family. The ruination of the American family is a major threat to our kinship system.

Primary and Secondary Groups (Sociology)

In 1909, Charles Cooley focused on the impact of what he called "primary groups" on the process of socialization (human social learning). He determined that primary groups had significant and lasting impact on their members because of the *close relationship* enjoyed by the members.

Primary groups act like families (or *are* families) because of the strong and warm emotional relationships which they have with each other. The atmosphere of primary groups is emotionally supportive and satisfying. Primary groups see the intrinsic reward of *just being together*, and this togetherness can be an end in itself.

In contrast, secondary groups (a sociological term not used by Cooley) are less emotional and

more formalized. Secondary groups are created and organized to *fulfill a purpose* or accomplish tasks.

Members of a secondary group are somewhat interchangeable. They are not as much individuals as role players. Although secondary group members may value the group experience, the real value lies in the group's *function* and not in the relationship itself.

"The addition of other members (to a primary group) dramatically increases the number of linkages within the group. In turn, the rapidly expanding linkages create strong pressures to decrease personal relations and a movement toward more formal, role-defined, secondary involvement patterns.

"Larger group size makes it increasingly difficult to form primary-like relations with all the other members... The increase in size and complexity of societal populations has been linked historically to the qualitative change from primary to secondary relations at nearly all levels of group life." (George Bryjak, *Sociology: Cultural Diversity in a Changing World*, Allyn and Bacon, Boston: 1994, page 81.)

The Great Commission (Matt. 28:18-20)

The Great Commission is Jesus' challenge to his disciples to go into

all the world and make more disciples. This is a *task-oriented* commission upon which the growth of the church and the extension of the kingdom of God depends.

In recent decades, the Church Growth movement has made the Great Commission a near science. They have done a great deal to help churches focus on the task of the Great Commission and develop methods for accomplishing the task.

We have seen how the accomplishment of the Great Commission has become the highest value for many evangelical churches. The success of an evangelical church is often measured by its success at carrying out the Great Commission.

Seventh Day Baptists have not been as successful at carrying out the Great Commission as many other evangelical denominations. Since success and health are often measured in terms of Great Commission success, we have not thought very highly of ourselves.

The Great Commandment (Matt. 22:37-40)

Jesus was asked by an expert of the law, "Teacher, which is the greatest commandment in the Law?" Jesus responded that the greatest commandment is "love." He said that love was to be directed first to God and then to other people.

In John 13:34, Jesus gave a new commandment regarding love for others, "As I have loved you, so you must love one another." The Great Commandment is Christ-like love.

Jesus goes on in the next verse to say, "By this will all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another" (John 13:35). The mark of true discipleship, according to Jesus, is love. I (Rod Henry) would expand this to contend that one of the primary values and marks of the Christian church must be our love for one another.

When we use this measure of discipleship, I believe that Seventh

value intimacy and relationships. Our focus on loving one another in an intimate covenant relationship makes us a Great Commandment denomination. In the Seventh Day Baptist kinship system, loving intimacy is one of our highest values.

The first threat to the kinship system is the destruction of the family. The second threat to a kinship system or primary group is new people.

**Since success and health
are often measured in terms of
Great Commission success,
we have not thought very
highly of ourselves.**

Day Baptists have reason for humble optimism. We are a loving people!

New people who come into most of our churches are very impressed with our love for each other and our intimacy. New people attending General Conference also comment on this love and intimacy.

When Seventh Day Baptists use the mark of love taught by Jesus to evaluate ourselves, we have cause to be thankful that God has made us a Great Commandment people.

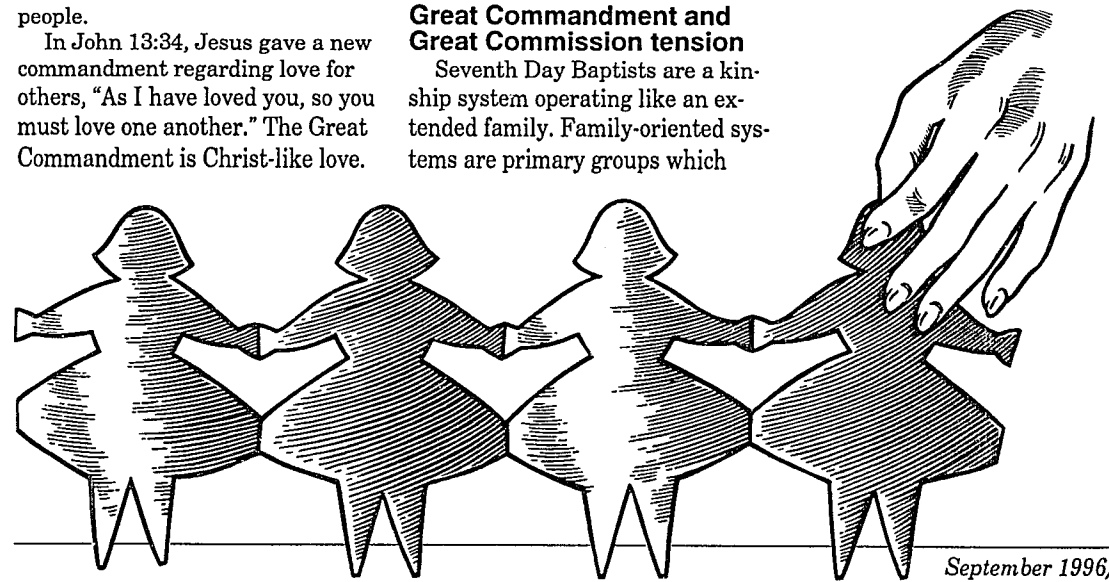
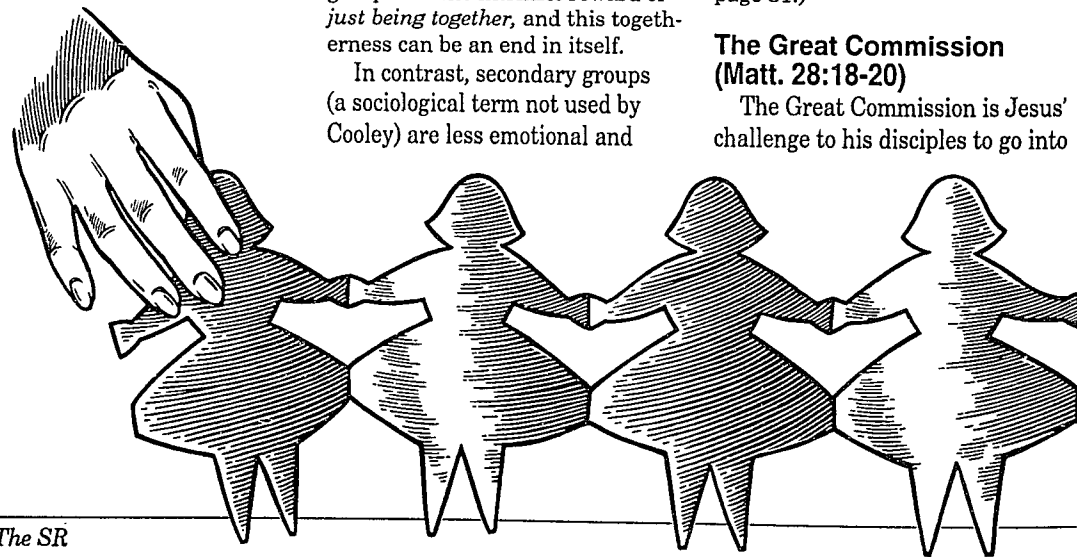
Great Commandment and Great Commission tension

Seventh Day Baptists are a kinship system operating like an extended family. Family-oriented systems are primary groups which

The sociological principle says that an increase in the size of the group makes it more difficult to form and maintain primary-like relationships. An increase in the size of a primary group will put increased pressure to make the group less intimate and more secondary in nature.

New people, especially a large influx of new people, are seen as a threat to our intimacy.

However, Seventh Day Baptists also understand the importance of



the Great Commission. We understand the importance of the Great Commission with two motivations.

First, we understand this commission to be the Christ-given method by which the kingdom of God will be extended and the body of Christ will grow.

Second, we feel the importance of the Great Commission because our numbers are small and we have fear about our future existence as a people.

Though Seventh Day Baptists value the Great Commission, we may actually see it as a threat to something we hold as a higher value—the Great Commandment of loving one another. The Great Commission with its new disciples can be seen as a threat to the Great Commandment with its love and intimacy.

Conclusion

Our challenge as a denomination is to address the two threats to our kinship system of primary groups.

- How do we "do church" as Seventh Day Baptists when the family systems upon which we depend are being destroyed?
- How do we manage the tension in a Great Commandment

church/denomination which realizes its need for the Great Commission?

Church organizations can fall at any point along the continuum

The challenge for Seventh Day Baptists will be to move more to the right on the continuum, small steps at a time. Most attempts to do this in the past have met with

When Seventh Day Baptists use the mark of love taught by Jesus to evaluate ourselves, we have cause to be thankful that God has made us a Great Commandment people.

below. Most church organizations are somewhere in between the extremes.

I see Seventh Day Baptists at about position "A" where we are primarily concerned with intimacy and relationships, and deal with purpose and task to a lesser extent.

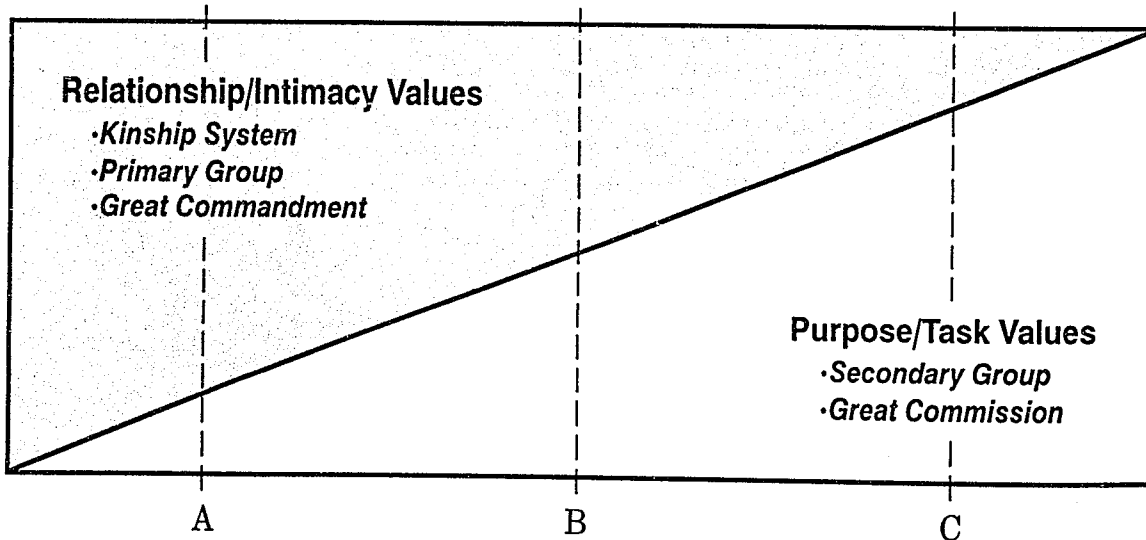
Many parachurch organizations would be at position "C" on the continuum. They would focus first and foremost on the task and purpose of the organization, and would not allow relationships or intimacy stand in the way of accomplishing the task. However, that does not mean that they are unconcerned with relationships.

disaster because of the threat to our intimacy.

We must acknowledge our values and fears. We must talk and talk about our concerns and fears about change. Only then will we be ready to make small changes.

"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart" (Jeremiah 29:11-13). SR

The Relationship and Purpose Continuum



When peace like a river...

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you; not as the world gives, do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be fearful" (John 14:27 NASE).

These words of Jesus became very real to me as our family dealt with my father's death this past June.

My father was a heavy smoker, and had been diagnosed with emphysema a number of years ago. His condition gradually deteriorated as he continued to smoke. Two years ago, he had to have oxygen brought into his home, and soon he became dependent on the oxygen to breathe.

His struggle was constant—he and my mom went through many difficult moments as my dad went to breathe and there was no air for him. During his last days in the hospital, he had many terrible episodes.

Even though my family knew he would not live long, it was still a bit of a shock to hear of his death while I was at Jersey Oaks Camp for SCSC training. Immediately, those dear Christians at the camp began praying for God's peace and love to surround us as we had to make quick travel plans back to Iowa. One dear friend prayed that I would be assured of my father's belief in Christ before he died. Our Shiloh (N.J.) church family offered their prayers and assistance to us.

We were keenly aware of God's presence as Don, our four children, and I flew to Iowa.

I experienced God's assurance when my mother's pastor told us of one of his conversations with my dad during a hospital stay in February. The pastor spoke frankly with my father about his relation-

ship with the Lord. My father assured the pastor that he had accepted Jesus as his savior, he had made his peace with God, and he was ready to meet the Lord in heaven.

I felt God's peace as we went to the funeral home, and I saw God's peace on my father's face. Before he died, my father looked so ragged and worn from years of sickness and struggle. But now, all the stress and struggle lines were gone from his face. He looked 20 years younger.

God's peace filled me as I told others about my father's faith. I shared how he was ready to meet the Lord, how he had prayed for

at the funeral.

God used my husband, Don, to minister His peace as Don sang three songs to honor the Lord. God also gave me peace as I accompanied Don on the piano.

God used the funeral service to challenge everyone to examine their personal standing with the Lord. Had they accepted Jesus as their personal savior? Had they made their peace with God? Were they ready to die and be assured of a place in heaven? The Gospel message was very clear during that service.

As I think back on the events surrounding my father's death, I clearly see the hand of the Lord

I felt God's peace as we went to the funeral home, and I saw God's peace on my father's face. Before he died, my father looked so ragged and worn from years of sickness and struggle. Now, all the stress lines were gone.

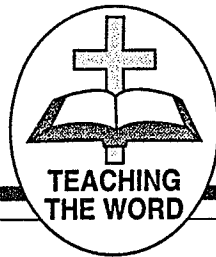
all of his brothers and sisters and all my cousins before he died, how he had spoken directly to Jesus during his last minutes on earth, and how his struggle was now over.

We felt God's peace and love surround us during the funeral service as the pastor spoke to the congregation about my father's faith in the Lord and the assurance of heaven he had.

At one time, my father was an alcoholic with no time for the Lord. But through God's intervention and the prayers of many, my father developed a deep Christian faith. That miracle touched many people

in so many ways. I clearly see my mother's deep faith, which has sustained her through many difficult years and which will give her strength in the years ahead. I clearly see God's promise of love and forgiveness to all who believe. I clearly see how God's peace surrounded our family.

We do have a God who loves and cares about His children. We do have a God who keeps His promises. We can experience the peace which Jesus promised to give us. We can be assured of our place in heaven if we truly believe in Christ. SR



Christian Education

Scripture Memory

Theme: "Tuned in, Turned on,

Verses—1996-97 and Triumphant"

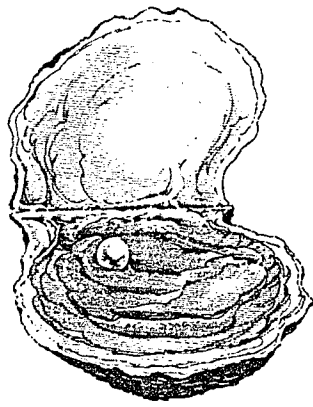
The Scripture Memorization Program for the 1996-97 Conference Year will focus on Conference President Owen Probasco's theme: *Tuned in, Turned on, and Triumphant.*

The Board of Christian Education has chosen these verses to be memorized by the family. Anyone who prefers may memorize one or more of these verses from a different Bible version.

Students who participate in this Scripture Memorization and complete the program will be honored at the 1997 General Conference.

All Scripture quotations in this list are from the HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION® NIV® Copyright© 1973, 1978, 1984 by International Bible Society.

Month	Youth/Adult	Junior	Primary
October	O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth! You have set your glory above the heavens. (Psalm 8:1)	O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth! You have set your glory above the heavens. (Psalm 8:1)	O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth! (Psalm 8:1a)
November	May the God who gives endurance and encouragement give you a spirit of unity among yourselves as you follow Christ Jesus, so that with one heart and mouth you may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. (Romans 15:5-6)	May the God who gives endurance and encouragement give you a spirit of unity among yourselves as you follow Christ Jesus. (Romans 15:5)	May... God... give you a spirit of unity among yourselves as you follow Christ Jesus. (Romans 15:5)
December	For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but to save the world through him. (John 3:16-17)	For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. (John 3:16)	For God so loved the world that he gave his... only Son, that whoever believes in him shall... have eternal life. (John 3:16)
January	And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Counselor to be with you forever—the Spirit of truth. The world cannot accept him, because it neither sees him nor knows him. But you know him, for he lives with you and will be in you. (John 14:16-17)	And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Counselor to be with you forever—the Spirit of truth. (John 14:16)	The Father... will give you another Counselor to be with you forever—the Spirit of truth. (John 14:16)
February	But when he, the Spirit of truth, comes, he will guide you into all truth. He will not speak on his own; he will speak only what he hears, and he will tell you what is yet to come. (John 16:13)	But when he, the Spirit of truth, comes, he will guide you into all truth. (John 16:13a)	The Spirit of truth... will guide you into all truth. (John 16:13a)
March	But thanks be to God, who always leads us in triumphal procession in Christ and through us spreads everywhere the fragrance of the knowledge of him. (2 Corinthians 2:14)	But thanks be to God, who always leads us in triumphal procession in Christ. (2 Corinthians 2:14a)	Thanks be to God. (2 Corinthians 2:14a)
April	Consequently, you are no longer foreigners and aliens, but fellow citizens with God's people and members of God's household, built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, with Christ Jesus himself as the chief cornerstone. (Ephesians 2:19-20)	Consequently, you are no longer foreigners and aliens, but fellow citizens with God's people and members of God's household. (Ephesians 2:19)	Consequently, you are... members of God's household. (Ephesians 2:19)
May	Instead, speaking the truth in love, we will in all things grow up into him who is the Head, that is, Christ. From him the whole body, joined and held together by every supporting ligament, grows and builds itself up in love, as each part does its work. (Ephesians 4:15-16)	Instead, speaking the truth in love, we will in all things grow up into him who is the Head, that is, Christ. (Ephesians 4:15)	We will in all things grow up into... Christ. (Ephesians 4:15)
June	So then, just as you received Christ Jesus as Lord, continue to live in him, rooted and built up in him, strengthened in the faith as you were taught, and overflowing with thankfulness. (Colossians 2:6-7)	So then, just as you received Christ Jesus as Lord, continue to live in him. (Colossians 2:6)	Continue to live in Christ... (Colossians 2:6b)



Pearls from the Past by Don A. Sanford, historian

Will the real Westerly please stand up?

later called Westerly. They retained their membership in the Newport church until 1708. That was the year the church on the mainland became known as Westerly.

When the town of Westerly was divided along the Pawcatuck River into Westerly and Hopkinton, the Westerly church became known as Hopkinton—even though it was located in Ashaway.

In 1835, a number of the members of the Hopkinton church who were living some distance from Ashaway, yet still within the township of Hopkinton, were set off as separate churches. The church in Hopkinton City was named Second Hopkinton, while the one at Rockville became known as Third Hopkinton or Rockville.

Two years later, in 1837, some members of the First Hopkinton SDB Church living in the township of Westerly at Dunn's Corner became the First Westerly Church. The Second Westerly Church at Niantic did not organize as a separate church until 1858.

Perhaps to avoid confusion, Seventh Day Baptists living in the city of Westerly in 1840 chose the name Pawcatuck for their church. They took the name from the river which separated the townships of Westerly and Hopkinton. Pawcatuck was also the name of the neighboring city across the Pawcatuck River in Connecticut.

So genealogists, all you have to do is know your history, and all falls neatly into place. Unless you try to follow those ancestors in the

westward and southern migrations!

In central Connecticut, the names of Bristol, Farmington, and Burlington are all associated with basically the same church. Then, if you follow the Hoosatic River into Rensselaer County, New York, your membership might be in either the Little Hoosick, Stephentown, Petersburg, or Berlin church, depending on the decades in which you were there. Moving further west in New York State, one might be a member of the First Brookfield Church in Leonardsville, or the Second Brookfield Church in Brookfield, or the Third Brookfield in West Edmeston.

In Allegany County, New York, the Second Alfred Church in Alfred Station was first located in Goose Pasture Valley of Baker's Bridge. Friendship became Nile, and Wirt was Bolivar—until it settled on the name Richburg.

While doing research for her third book on membership records of New York State churches, my wife, Ilou, discovered that four churches or branches bore "Scio" as part of their names. That was because, in 1830, the township of Scio included land that, by 1860, had been subdivided by the formation of Wellsville, Willing, and Alma townships, each of which had a church for a time.

The church in which I was raised at Little Genesee, N.Y., was first called Cuba. Then it was called First Genesee, to distinguish it from Second Genesee, which separated under the name Oswayo and later reorganized as Portville. (I knew it as Main Settlement.) Third Genesee was called West Genesee, or Obi. Ironically, each of these churches was west of the divide

cont. on page 26



SR Almanac

Where we have been...

One year ago—September 1995

Variety issue contains short features by Phil Watson, Tim Bond, Clay Smith, John Conrod, and Earl Cruzan.

James Skaggs reviews new book edited by Albert Wardin, *Baptists Around the World*.

Summer Christian Services Corps (SCSC) "Team Endurance" members and sites listed.

"Pearls" page highlights the shield-shaped plaque presented to Dr. George Thorngate from the SDB China mission.

Pastor Andrew Samuels reports on trip to Haiti.

Five years ago—September 1991

Victor Skaggs reviews several doxologies from his vast hymnal collection.

Variety of articles come from Alfreda Shippee, Barbara Barber, Diane Cruzan, and William Vis.

"Pearls" page remembers SDB industrialist George H. Babcock.

Wheeler Hardware, the 16-acre store with "everything," featured in *The Kansas City Star*.

From Nigeria, Elder Lawrence Uchegbuonu reports on being spared from a Muslim physical attack.

10 years ago—September 1986

Coverage of General Conference sessions held in Worcester, Mass.; Russell Johnson, president. Conference reports shared by Executive Secretary Dale Thorngate and SCSC Director Gerry Van Dyke; and a sermon by Kenneth Chroniger.

Report of SDB World Federation gathering in Westerly, R.I. Delegates come from all around the world.

New pastors move in: Bob Babcock in Santa Barbara, Calif.; George Calhoun in Battle Creek, Mich.; and Harold King in Nortonville, Kan.

The Denver, Colo., youth fellowship writes for "The Beacon."

25 years ago—September 1971

General Conference, commemorating 300 years of SDBs in America, held at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. Opening address given by Dr. George Thorngate, father of Conference president Dr. Stephen

Thorngate. Several pilgrimages made to Newport, R.I., the site of the first American SDB church.

Garth and Mayola Warner direct Youth Pre-Con on the U of M campus; Don Richards directs the Young Adults at Camp Lewis near Ashaway, R.I.

SDB World Federation, organized in 1965, holds its first meeting in Westerly. Training institute for World Federation leaders held at Jersey Oaks Camp near Shiloh, N.J., the week after Conference.

Word received of the August 17th slaying of Pastor Eugene Fatato in Riverside, Calif.

British and Jamaican Conferences held in July.

50 years ago—September 1946

General Conference hosted by the Milton, Wis., church. It was marked by "the largest attendance of delegates in recent history... from all parts of the nation." Perley B. Hurley presided.

The main chapel of the Milton church was "full to capacity." Conference reports list the work of all boards and agencies.

List of young people at Conference, pledging themselves to full-time Christian service, reads like a veritable "Who's Who" of future SDB ministers.

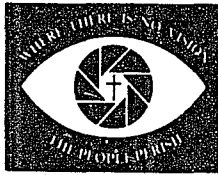
Strong resolutions from Conference delegates address issues of conscientious objectors and Civilian Public Service; objections to the so-called "World Calendar"; and warnings against legalized liquor traffic.

Rev. Earl Cruzan installed as pastor in Dodge Center, Minn.

...where are we headed?

Pray for—

- Baptist brethren around the world
- lasting effects from SCSC projects
- our witness in the marketplace
- those involved in music ministries
- Conferences of the World Federation
- the survivors of senseless murders
- young people to answer the call to ministry



FOCUS
on Missions

Budgeted funds vs. 'special purposes'

by Kirk Looper

Because so many have inquired about the workings of our budget lately, I feel I should address the issue.

There can be some misunderstanding about the way Missionary Society funds are handled. Actually, they are handled in two ways. Money may be put in the "established budget," or it may be placed in the "Gifts For Special Purposes" fund.

The annual "established budget" represents the funds that are needed to run the Missionary Society office. This money also helps support field ministers and our sister churches and Conferences, as well as some national projects and new work in the international fields.

Financial support for the "established budget" comes from the Society's investment income and from designated money distributed through our denominational headquarters in Janesville, Wis. We depend upon these distributed funds for approximately 35 percent of our budget. Expenses not covered by these two sources are paid from our investment principle.

Money donated to our sister churches and Conferences is placed in a fund labeled "Gifts For Special Purposes." These donations are earmarked for special projects such as roofing churches or digging wells, and are not intended for the budget. We simply serve as a "flow-through" organization for these funds, 100 percent of which are distributed as designated.

People often ask, "Why were the funds that we sent to the Missionary Society office not credited to the account of my church? I did not see it in the *Lead-Line* report."

We in turn ask, "Was the donation designated for a specific need or project?"

If their answer was "yes," the donation was not part of the budget. Unless a gift is designated for a budgetary item, it is not recorded as part of the budget; therefore, no credit is reported for that gift.

However, there is a way your church can receive credit for donations to the Missionary Society: send your donation to the SDB

cannot reach ours. Their products and personnel are indispensable to achieving our goals.

For instance, the Tract and Communication Council furnishes the Missionary Society with tracts and other printed materials which are needed by the sister churches and Conferences in their outreach and evangelism programs. Through

Money donated to our sister churches and Conferences is placed in a fund labeled "Gifts For Special Purposes." These donations are earmarked for special projects and are not intended for the budget.

Center, designating it for one of the budgetary items. This will allow you to donate to specific purposes and still be part of the budget.

To find out what countries and projects can use your help, consult the *Missionary Reporter*. Money can be given to support international expenses, national field development projects, or any other budgeted items. Additional information—or answers to your questions—can be obtained from the Missionary Society office, 119 Main Street, Westerly, RI 02891.

Although budgets are difficult to discuss, that is how we communicate our needs. And it is important that people see how their donations are being used.

While contributors are important, the Missionary Society also relies upon other SDB boards and agencies for the success of its projects. When they are short on funds and cannot reach their goals, we

The Sabbath Recorder, we're able to keep you informed of the Society's activities.

The Council on Ministry provides us with instructors who visit our sister Conferences, helping with their leadership programs and advising them in their outreach. The Historical Society supplies the studies in SDB history that help others understand our roots and past. The Board of Christian Education provides SDBs with the only Sabbath School quarterly which deals with our polity and beliefs. (*The Helping Hand* is the only regular study material many of our sister Conferences and churches have.)

Obviously, it's difficult for any of our denominational boards and agencies to function on their own. We all need each other. We encourage you to think of us all as you pray, and consider our needs as the Spirit leads you to support a work in His Kingdom. **S**



Seeking Spiritual Maturity: BIBLE STUDY

New Bible studies for teens plug in music and modern words

Contemporary interpretation of the psalms helps readers

The book of Psalms is a favorite of Bible readers around the world. And now it's a favorite of teens in a contemporary interpretation called *Psalms for Teens, Book II* by Eldon Weisheit.

This new release from Concordia Publishing House (CPH) is a welcome follow-up to the first collection, *Psalms for Teens*.

Book II helps youth ages 12 to 18 go to God with their thoughts and feelings as they read through Psalms 76-150.

In this volume, the psalms express the anxiety and fears that confuse and sometimes overwhelm teenagers. Joyful praise and faith are also expressed in language that encourages and motivates young Christian lives.

Each selection relates God's Scripture message to teens using their language and focusing on their unique situations and problems. A topical index makes it easy to find a psalm for many situations.

Psalms for Teens, Book II also helps teens practice looking to Scripture as a source of wisdom, encouragement, comfort, peace, and joy.

The book is 127 pages, 5" x 7 1/2", perfect-bound, paperback at \$6.99.

Psalm 86:1-7 (*Psalms for Teens, Book II*)

Let's talk this over, Jesus.

I want to hear what You have to say about it.

I know I have no right to ask for Your help.

I can't do anything for you

to pay You back for Your help.

But I can't get along without You.

Don't give me what I deserve.

Instead be kind and loving to me.

Look after me after You have forgiven me.

Listen to my prayer, Jesus;

hear me when I hurt inside.

I talk to You when I am in trouble,

because You answer my prayers.

A musical approach to spiritual growth and evangelism

Young people love music. From rock to rap, teens listen to music everywhere they go. That's why Concordia Publishing House (CPH) combines contemporary Christian music with Bible study to create an attention-grabbing course where teens listen... and learn.

Can I Really Tell My Friends?... What Jesus Means to Me, a six-course Bible study, helps youth share their faith with their friends by addressing common teenage concerns such as how to make, keep, and be a good friend.

The study also encourages Christian friendships and faith-sharing. Each 90-minute session makes excellent core material for a series of afternoon workshops, a weekend retreat, or youth gathering.

Nine contemporary Christian songs from a variety of artists are integrated into the study process. The songs initiate class discussions about Christian faith and give teens a springboard to initiate faith conversations with their friends.

Featured songs come from Mylon LeFevre and Broken Heart, White Heart, Twila Paris, WhiteCross, and more.

Can I Really Tell My Friends?... What Jesus Means to Me is available as a kit that includes a leader's guide, reproducible student materials, blackline masters, an audiocassette, poster, and button. Copies of the cassette, poster, and button are also available separately.

Cost for the kit: \$19.95

Separate audiocassette:

1 to 4— \$6.95 each

5 to 9— \$5.95 each

10 or more— \$4.95 each

Poster: .75 each

Package of 10 buttons: \$3.50

Available directly from CPH (1-800-325-3040) or through your local Christian bookstore.



the BEACON

Produced by the Youth Committee of the Board of Christian Education
For and by members of the SDB Youth Fellowship September 1996

Milton YF accomplishes their mission

by Jennifer Butler

On Sunday, June 23rd, a vanload of highschoolers pulled away from the Milton (Wis.) SDB church at around one in the afternoon. All 11 teens and two leaders left the comforts of home—and what would otherwise be a relaxing summer vacation week—to go serve and witness to the needy.

We traveled approximately 15 hours (with an overnight stop) to reach our destination: Kyle, South Dakota. This is a tiny town on the Oglala Lakota Native American Reservation, located in the very southwest corner of South Dakota.

Kyle is in Shannon County which is the poorest county in the U.S. Not one of the poorest; *THE poorest*. Here the high school dropout rate is higher than 50% and alcoholism is devastating.

Once arriving at Little Wound High School, we were soon joined by three other groups from Minnesota and Illinois. The combined group of about 65 was then separated into six different crews, with the Milton YF managing to be in the last three groups.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, the first three crews went into town and painted while the rest stayed at the high school to run a Vacation Bible School. This VBS was totally planned by the youth. We were given the topic in the morning and thought up games, songs, the related Bible story and crafts to go

along with this topic. Then, about 60 children from the community came and had fun in the afternoon.

We immediately developed a following of children who would become attached to your hip or hang off your legs. It was a fantastic experience. The groups switched places on Thursday and Friday, and our YF was sent to paint three different homes. Even though it got quite hot, the look of appreciation on their faces made it worthwhile.

While in Kyle, we had the chance to do some tourist activities a few evenings. On Tuesday, it was an awesome hike in Badlands National Park. Then on Wednesday, the trip was a solemn visit to the Wounded Knee Massacre Sight.

At a buffalo ranch on Thursday, it started pouring! About seven 15-passenger vans got stuck in the mud. It was a pure miracle that the Milton

van was the only one to get out. We arrived back at the school two and one-half hours before all the others.

Climbing in the van Sabbath morning, we felt sad about leaving "our" children and other friends we had made. But there was also a great sense of accomplishment. We know that our missions in life aren't even close to being done.

It was a fantastic learning and spiritual experience where we all grew closer to each other and the Lord. Any of us would do it again in a flash. A HUGE thank-you goes out to all our prayer warriors and those who gave financially. *SR*



Milton YF missions trip members: Kneeling: Ben Calhoun, Dani Looftoro, Nick Kersten, Abbi Marteny. Standing: Jenny Butler, Geoff Johnson, Randy Kersten, Nathan Walker, Becky Splinter, Tanya Henry, Devon Lippincott, Jessie Olson, and Pastor Steve Osborn.

New Conference president "roasted" at a ripe old age

by Donna S. Bond

"Pop-Pop, when you were a little boy, was the Dead Sea just sick?"

"Pop-Pop, when you were a little boy, was the Statue of Liberty a little girl?"

Thus out of the mouths of babes—the infamous Probasco/DuBois grandchildren—began the surprise 65th Birthday Buffet Roast of Owen H. Probasco. The auspicious event was held on February 17, 1996, at the Shiloh, N.J., Seventh Day Baptist Church.

When the esteemed Shiloh church moderator/SDB Memorial Board president/Conference president-elect/retired School Board president/Pop-Pop of nine realized that the supposed "Welcome Home Open House" for someone else was really a birthday party for *him*, he nearly choked. Then he thanked us all for coming. His wife of 43 years, Ruth, warned him: "Don't thank them until you hear what they say about you!"

Yes, we learned many rather interesting things about Mr. Owen H. Probasco.

From his sister, Marion Probasco Ferguson, we learned that the "H" in his name stands for "Harris," not because of his SDB genealogy, but rather for the doctor who delivered him on February 4, 1931. Furthermore, we learned that the five Probasco children attended the nearby Shiloh church because they owned no car, and they could walk to that church. Sometimes they were chauffeured by Mrs. Mary Ayars, who later became Owen's mother-in-law!

From his brother, Don, we learned that one day, when Owen was the only Probasco darling at home, all of the outbuildings on the

farm burned to the ground. A neighbor told the senior Probasco that he had seen a tramp in the area that day, but no one ever quite believed it.

Brother Bob sent a letter from Arizona, and brother John, the oldest of the clan, read two original poems, one of which explained the pecking order in the Probasco household—i.e., who bossed whom.

**He thanked us
all for coming.
His wife of 43 years,
Ruth, warned him:
"Don't thank
them until you hear
what they say
about you!"**

Poor little Owen, at the bottom of the list, grew to his present stature, married Ruth, fathered four children, and *still* never got to be boss! Perhaps he was saving his leadership qualities for the Shiloh church, SDB Memorial Board, Cumberland Regional School Board, and SDB General Conference.

When the siblings were done "roasting" Owen, a letter of reminiscence from several Salem (W.Va.) College friends was shared. It seems that the young freshman arrived in Salem with a picture of his childhood sweetheart that he kept where he could kiss it any time he wanted. (Yes, it was Ruth.)

The next "shots" came from church members and co-workers.

There was a story about the last-

ing effect of an Owen Probasco-type body in a fetal position on a fold-up bed as he traveled for the Memorial Board. And there was Owen's wise decision to travel in a particular co-worker's car for the bowling league championship tournament, only to find that that particular vehicle's trunk would not unlock, forcing Owen to bowl without his custom-made fingertip ball, resulting in an average score of 95. (They did not win that tournament.)

Another time, a teenaged Owen and his buddy were walking in the woods when the bush he was on the verge of stepping on literally blew up almost beneath him, thanks to his buddy's lack of experience with firearms.

Finally, Owen's own children were allowed to speak their minds.

Son Ron, who looks and sounds most like Owen, compared Dad's bowling technique with Fred Flintstone's. Ron also stated that he would rather have Mom's wooden hairbrush on his backside any day than Dad's hand. Finally, he said, when the mishaps of traveling from Tennessee to Shiloh that day forced Ron to borrow Dad's pants for the occasion, he was greatly relieved to find that at least Dad's pants were still too big!

Jim Probasco, from Rhode Island, compared Owen's humor with Clem Kadiddlehopper (of Red Skelton fame), and reminisced about the day he was seen in a discount store with Owen dressed in plaid shorts, white socks, and dark Hush Puppies. Jim admitted that he did, in fact, now own a pair of plaid shorts, some white socks, and a new pair of Hush Puppies, but he has made a solemn vow to his teen-

agers that he will never wear all three at the same time!

In testifying to Owen's faith, Jim told of a recent experience after his family had spent several days with Owen and Ruth. As they prepared to offer grace before their first meal back at home, his son said, "Are we going to say a real grace like Pop-Pop does?"

Cindy Probasco DuBois, mother of Owen's cheering section, took her turn next.

Cindy was a teenager in the 1970s when the song, "Knock three times on the ceiling if you want me... twice on the pipes if the answer is no," was popular. Owen would sing along and do a little dance. Years later, when he was fixing up the house where Cindy now lives, he would knock

on the pipes. "Mom would laugh, but she never answered the call," Cindy said.

Cindy closed her portion of the program with a video made when Owen retired as Cumberland Regional School Board president following youngest son Bill's graduation. There were several clips of students, including the proclamation of "Plaid Day" in honor of famous Fashion Designer Owen Probasco's retirement from the Board.

Finally, Bili took his turn at bat. He said his father enjoyed "Benny Hill" on TV. He compared him to a monarch butterfly (in reference to a graduation speech which exhorted the graduates to "not be a bug; be a butterfly"). Being eight years younger than Cindy, Bill said he

was raised somewhat as an only child. This had its advantages: whereas his siblings went to the Jersey Shore for a week of vacation, he was taken to Conference during his formative years!

Finally, Owen had his say. He again thanked us all for coming, thanked the Lord for blessing him, and told us he had gone on the School Board to ensure that his kids would graduate.

Owen, it was our pleasure to eat at your table and honor you. We in Shiloh are proud of your many accomplishments and thankful for your years of leadership. We know that the General Conference will prosper during the coming year (spiritually, anyway).

May God continue to bless us through you. *SR*

Association challenge: "Keep Eyes Upon Jesus"

by Matthew Olson

The Eastern Seventh Day Baptist Association held its 158th meeting May 17-19 in Berlin, N.Y. "Keep Your Eyes Upon Jesus" was the theme chosen by the president of the Association, Gerri Greene, to coordinate with this year's General Conference theme, "At the Crossroads."

The Association theme was based on Hebrews 12:2, which calls us to "...keep our eyes fixed upon Jesus, on whom our faith depends from beginning to end. He did not give up because of the cross! On the contrary, because of the joy that was waiting for him, he thought nothing of the disgrace of dying on the cross, and he is now seated at the right side of God's throne" (GNB).

On Friday evening, we enjoyed a worship service led by the young adults of the Berlin church. It was a wonderful time filled with music and testimony, followed by a fine message brought by Rev. David

Taylor. He called us to use Jesus as our pattern for living.

On Sabbath day, 110 people filled the small church as we joined together to worship God. Once more, there was a great deal of special music, and a terrific children's message was given by Susie Fox, a delegate from Southeastern Association. Rev. Larry Graffius shared the sermon, urging us all to run with endurance as we look to Jesus for inspiration.

Later in the afternoon, the adults gathered to share ideas on how we might keep our eyes upon Jesus in our daily lives. Many inspiring testimonies were shared, and we all learned much about walking with our Lord. Meanwhile, the young people were treated with a visit by Harry the Hobo, who taught them just how special Christ is.

Afterwards, we were all treated to a tour of Seagroatt's greenhouses, a local company specializ-

ing in the growing of roses. At the end of the tour, everyone was given a rose and had a little more knowledge about how roses are grown on a large scale. There is also a rumor that Dave Taylor will be hired to serve as official loudspeaker for all future tours!

After supper, we gathered once more in the church to enjoy a concert by Heaven's Mountain Band. The music was great, and a few people even danced in the aisles.

Sunday morning, after a devotional time led by Rev. Harold King, we held our business session, which was smoothly directed by Paul Greene. Following a spaghetti dinner, we bid everyone a fond farewell.

It was a wonderful weekend, full of joy and laughter, but perhaps best of all was the Spirit which pervaded every event. With His help, may we all continue to strive to keep our eyes on Jesus, no matter where we might be. *SR*

What is your world?

Elizabeth Green passed away on January 11, 1996 (see obituary, page 25). In sorting through her belongings, Elizabeth's children came across a speech she gave at a North Central Association meeting in White Cloud, Mich., on October 6, 1973. We share it with you as a glimpse of a grand lady and her views on life and her denomination.

I am at a stage in life when retirement has come after a rather short teaching career. (I did not begin to teach until our family was raised and out of the nest.)

I was grateful for the opportunity to be in the classroom and library for a few years, working with children and young people. Now I am happy to join my husband in retirement—free of schedules; able to take a more active role in community affairs; free to travel and visit our widely-scattered children, their families, and other old friends; and free to see the beauties and wonders of our great country.

It has been most stimulating to visit other SDB churches and gain

a wider acquaintanceship with people who have similar goals in life. How splendidly we are being led by our denominational leaders, and inspired by the enthusiasm and devotion of our young people to the cause of Christ!

The religious faith of our ancestors helped them to face discomfort, privation, and the unknown future.

I have been re-reading the eloquent address by our new Conference President (Ernest Bond), given on the closing night of Conference in Milton (Wis.). He spoke of the need of each one of us to find meaning in life, so that one's life "makes sense."

As we get older, the past seems to mean more and more to us. We study the history of our ancestors

to find the reasons or goals that kept them in the forefront of the westward movement—from the Old World to the new; from Rhode Island to New York; to West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and on to the West Coast.

What gave them the courage to leave familiar scenes and press on into the unknown? They had their religious faith. It helped them to face discomfort, privation, and the unknown future. They set up family firesides, churches, and schools wherever they went, and we are proud of their accomplishments.

Now we are told that the frontier is gone, that the new frontiers are of the mind. Human relationships, social services, efforts to improve the lot of the needy, down-trodden, neglected, misunderstood, handicapped, and socially outcast. We need to constantly renew our religious faith to minister in these areas with understanding and compassion.

In society today, we find a widespread disregard for the beliefs we

cont. on page 26

SR Reaction

Opinions do not necessarily reflect the views of the SR or all SDBs. Letters may be edited according to space and editorial style.

Dear Kevin:

Margaret and I want to do our share in supporting *The Sabbath Recorder*. We assume that we are doing so by sending our tithe, in quarterly payments, to the Denominational budget. We are two of the "Individual Contributors" that appear in Calvin's monthly reports. We further assume that the SR receives its share of the Denomination Budget's financial pie.

You might be interested in a semi-scientific study, relative to tithing, that was conducted in the Denver SDB Church. Tithing was evaluated as a means of stewardship. The results of that study were published in the March 12, 1951 issue of the SR.

My present evaluation is that prob-

ably less than 50% of SDBs tithe. If all of us tithed, the budget would be oversubscribed and we could expand "Our World Missions."

Respectfully,
Dr. Keith Davis
Brandenton, FL

Dear editor,

You have been kind to send a copy of *The Sabbath Recorder*. I am grateful.

As a trustee of the "Baptist Courier," it has been helpful in allowing me to examine the editorial content, and compare one publication with the other.

Thank you!

G. Ed Rhodes Jr.
Charleston, SC

Dear Don Sanford,

Thank you for the article "Offenbarung 14 12," in the July-August issue. I read it with great interest and shared it with one of my colleagues. Salvation is always through Jesus Christ. But once we receive this salvation from Christ it does not mean that we have to become hostile to His Sabbath. You brought out very helpful points in your article.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Nikolaus Satelmajer
Asst. Ministerial Secretary
General Conference of
Seventh-day Adventists
Silver Spring, MD

Accessions

Dallas/Ft. Worth, TX
Earle Holston, pastor
Joined after testimony
Rodney Riley
Rose Riley

Little Rock, AR
Joined after baptism
Kelli Booth

Westerly, RI
David Taylor, pastor
Joined by letter
Dina Mills

Marriages

Williams - Cardenas.—Bradley
Ronald Williams and Bobbi
Marie Cardenas were united
in marriage on April 6, 1996,

at the First Baptist Church in
Boulder, CO. Pastor Emeritus
Elmo Fitz Randolph officiated.

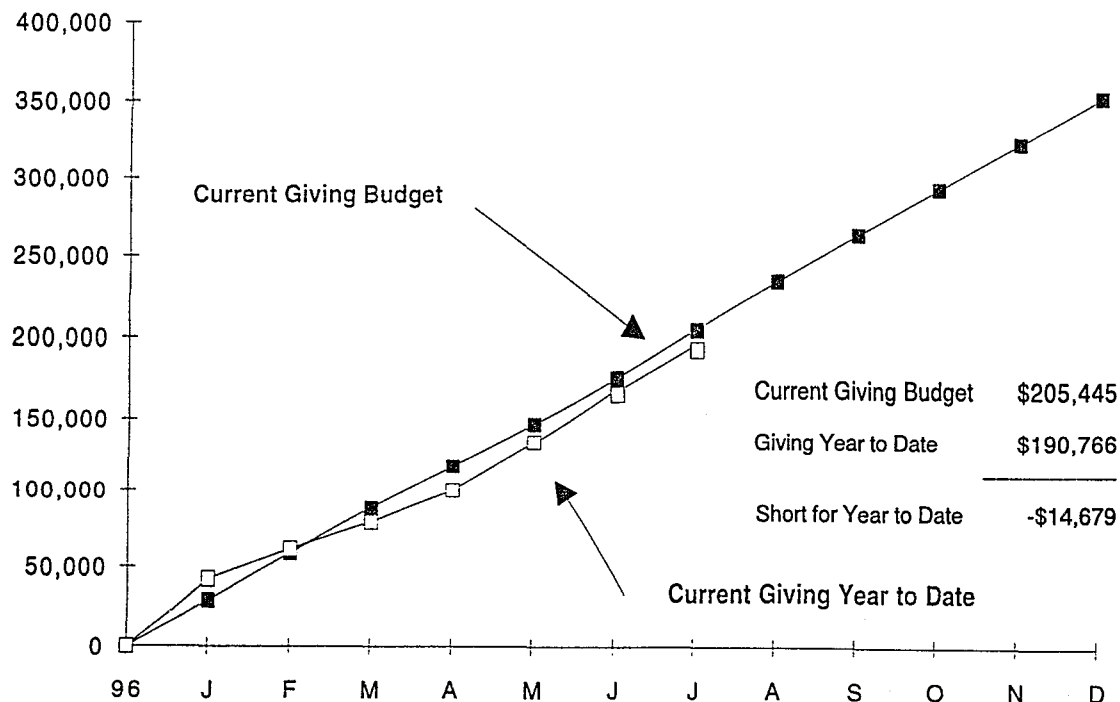
Schmunk - Stamp.—Louis
Schmunk and Mary Pat Stamp
were united in marriage on June
1, 1996, at the Verona, NY, Sev-
enth Day Baptist Church. Pas-
tors Steven James and Russell
Johnson officiated.

Williams - Merwick.—Louis
Jay Williams and Amanda
Catherine Merwick were united
in marriage on June 22, 1996,
at the Christ United Methodist
Church in Lincoln, NE. Rev.
Mike McMurtry officiated.

Births

Severance.—A daughter, Shayla
René Severance, was born to
Shane and Yvonne (Williams)
Severance of Brighton, CO,
on June 9, 1996.

Denominational Budget 1996



Obituaries

Kirklin.—Reid Henry Kirklin
died in January of 1995.

He was born on August 4, 1924,
in Rockwood, Tenn., in the Appala-
chian Mountains. His father died
when he was quite young, and he
and his five brothers and three
sisters grew up in poverty during
the Great Depression.

At age 16, Reid enlisted in the
Army, and ended up serving as an
infantryman in General Patton's
Eighth Army. He was among the
"first wave" of Allied Forces that
stormed the Normandy beaches
on D-Day, and was later wounded
during the Battle of the Bulge. He
took part in the liberation of Paris,
and helped liberate one of Hitler's
death camps.

Reid re-enlisted in the Army
during the Korean conflict, serving
as a forward artillery observer. He
was awarded the Purple Heart for
shrapnel wounds.

Reid worked in coal mining and
the construction industry. He re-
ceived many honors, including an
appointment as International Rep-
resentative of UNWA construction
workers. He was a Kentucky Colo-
nel; deputy sheriff of Pikeville, Ky.;
and mining inspector for UNWA.
He received a Gold Hat, symbol
of excellence in his employment.
Following retirement, he moved
to Harrisburg, Ill., and discovered
the joys of gardening.

Although he accomplished much
in his work and military service,
Reid found his greatest fulfillment
in enlisting in the great army of
God. He was baptized into the
Stonefort, Ill., Seventh Day Bap-
tist Church. He will be remem-
bered as a loving husband, brother,
and friend; an accomplished yet
humble man who made the world a
little better for those who knew
him.

Survivors include his wife,
Alene; one stepson; two step-grand-
sons; three sisters, and one brother.
Funeral services were held on
January 5, 1995.

Green.—Elizabeth J. Green, 90,
of Milton, Wis., died on Janu-
ary 11, 1996, at her home.

She was born on July 16, 1905,
in Clarkston, Wash., the daughter
of Dr. Paul W. and Lura (Burdick)
Johnson. (The Johnsons were lone
Sabbathkeepers while active in
local churches.) She graduated
from Milton College in 1927.

On June 30, 1928, Elizabeth
married J. Paul Green in Alfred
Station, N.Y. Over the next 16
years, they lived in Almond, Salem,
Corning, and Trumansburg, N.Y.,
while Paul taught agriculture.
Elizabeth was an accomplished
musician who taught piano for
many years and served as organ-
ist for area churches.

In 1944, Paul and Elizabeth
moved to Milton. She taught mus-
ic in rural Rock County schools,
and later studied library science
at the University of Wisconsin-
Whitewater. She was librarian
at Milton Junior High School un-
til her retirement. She then serv-
ed as a Laubach tutor for several
years.

Elizabeth was a member of
the Milton Seventh Day Baptist
Church. She served as a deaconess,
director of the Junior Choir, and
Sabbath School superintendent,
and sang in the choir for many
years. She was also a member of
the Choral Union, the Grange,
Great Books, and the Milton
Women's Club.

Survivors include two daughters,
Helen Green of Milton and Georgia

Colflesh of Warrensburg, Mo.;
two sons, Paul and Frank, both
of Milton; seven grandchildren,
and 10 great-grandchildren. In
addition to her husband, she was
preceded in death by two sisters,
Helen Johnson and Marjorie Day.

Funeral services were held on
January 16, 1996, in the Milton
SDB Church. Pastors George
Calhoun and Herbert Saunders
officiated. Burial was in the Mil-
ton Junction Cemetery.

Lyng.—Jean Woodcock Lyng
passed away to see the Lord
on May 11, 1996.

Jean, the daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Thayer, was married to
Gerald Lyng. She graduated from
Rome (N.Y.) Free Academy in 1929,
and from St. Lawrence University,
Canton, N.Y., in 1933. She receiv-
ed her masters degree from Syra-
cuse (N.Y.) University in 1939.

She taught English at Webster
(N.Y.) High School from 1949-1974.
She also coached the debating and
speech team, which won five state
championships and competed in
the national competition.

Jean was a long-time member
of the Verona, N.Y., Seventh Day
Baptist Church, and contributed
to the church in many ways. She
also attended the Webster Baptist
Church. She was a well-liked,
well-known member of the Rome
community and will be missed
by many people.

Survivors include one son,
Scott, of Utica, N.Y.; two daugh-
ters, Merry of Albany, N.Y., and
Karen Basho of Rome; and one
sister, Lola Woodcock Getman.
She was predeceased by her
husband.

which separated the waters from flowing into the Genesee River. Instead, they were in the Allegheny River system, whose spelling was different from that of Allegany county.

Even in the state of New Jersey, one can find that the Piscataway Church, founded in 1705, was really in Dunellen, with a post office address of New Market.

Also in New Jersey, the 1737 Cohansey Church in Cumberland County changed its name to Shiloh about 1771. According to tradition, the old church building was being moved on a Friday afternoon. The movers stopped at sundown, prompting Pastor Jonathan Davis to say, "And the ark resteth at Shiloh."

Just across the county line in Salem County is the Marlboro, N.J., SDB Church. It's approximately 100 miles south of the Marlboro post office, which is in Monmouth County.

People searching for ancestors in West Virginia are sometimes frustrated at the lack of records in its capital at Charleston. They

have to go to Richmond, Va., because, prior to the Civil War, West Virginia was a part of Virginia.

People searching the records of the Salem, W.Va., SDB Church are fortunate. Those records begin in 1745. Its first 50 years were in Shrewsbury, N.J., and it had a short span in Woodbridgetown, Pa., before continuing its migration to New Salem, Va.—which later became Salem, W.Va.

Some information can be found in the Association records if one knows the time periods when Salem and Lost Creek were in different associations: Western Association in 1834, the South-Western Association in 1839, and the Virginia and Ohio Association in 1850. In 1872, the Salem and Lost Creek churches were instrumental in organizing the Southeastern Association.

There were fewer name changes in the Old Northwest Territory because of the shorter span of history. Albion was first organized in 1843 as The Church in Dane County. Another church in that county was in Utica, but it later

took the name Christiana.

Dodge Center, Minn., was initially organized as the Wasioja SDB Church in 1859. It then changed its name to Wasioja and Ashland Church in 1866. It adopted its current name in 1874.

Consider the plight of Rev. Leon Burdick and his wife, Rev. Experience Fitz Randolph Burdick. Both were pastors in 1906 at New Auburn, Minn., while Experience served over a hundred miles away at New Auburn, Wis., which was formerly named Cartwright. (Perhaps the strain of this contributed to her death on Thanksgiving of that year.)

One could go on and on, identifying such places as Carleton with Garwin in Iowa, Pardee with Nortonville in Kansas, Humboldt and Long Branch in Nebraska, Little Prairie and Nady in Arkansas, or the SDB church in Paint Rock, Ala., which has its generic roots in churches bearing the names Cullman County, Oakdale, Athens, and Woodville. Even the Riverside, Calif., church, which celebrated its centennial this year, had beginnings in Tustin and Colony Heights before it took the name of Riverside.

So, the moral of this tale is simple: a little history is important in researching one's family tree among Seventh Day Baptists. And the Historical Society has some books to help you get at the roots and guide you along its branches.

In trying to reach us, don't use our old Watchung Avenue address in Plainfield, N.J., as some people reading our old publications still do. We moved to Janesville, Wis., 14 years ago. The city even changed two street names for our benefit! Originally, we were located on Kennedy Road between two pagan gods, Mars and Jupiter. Now we're on Kennedy Road, between Newport and Plainfield. *SR*

What is your world?, cont. from page 23

consider right and true. We are often called old-fashioned and behind the times. How can we think the Ten Commandments apply to life today? That the Sabbath commandment can mean what we believe it to mean? Or that the principles of our Founding Fathers are relevant now?

Our youngest son calls certain public officials "Troglodytes" because they are like cave dwellers, unacquainted with the affairs of the world. My husband sometimes says that our generation is simply fighting a rear-guard action.

I know that, in many ways, we have liberalized our ideas on certain social issues. And, of course,

we need *progress* to free ourselves from the "status quo"—which is said to be just a fancy term for "the mess we's in." But let us hope that we don't "throw out the baby with the bath water."

It seems to me that we need a certain sense of stability to keep from feeling lost in these troubled times. I thank God for the stabilizing faith of our parents; for belonging to a small denomination where we know and love people from coast to coast, and even in foreign lands; and for our leaders who keep calling us back to the great truths of the Bible, and to a greater commitment to Christ. *SR*

KEVIN'S C O R N E R

The seminar brochure warned that the popular all-day session would fill up fast, so I signed up faster. The class was called, "Good Mourning: The Process of Grief and Grief Counseling."

I've held enough hands and shared enough tears with parishioners to know that all of us react to death differently, but that we all react. I needed to know more about the grief process. This, of course, was meant for me to help others; I wasn't prepared to deal with some of my own feelings.

Our presenter was Dr. James Miller, a clergyman and grief counselor who uses his own stunning photography

to bring across a message of hope.

I never realized all the different causes and manifestations of grief. The class learned together that grief is never static; it is not something you are "in," but it is something you *do*. It is a normal, natural response to loss, a self-preserving way to heal.

Dr. Miller first exposed us to a brief "History of Dying." It used to be that—

- dying happened at home
- those dying were aware of their own death
- close people were very involved
- those dying "presided over" their own death (they got things in order; pronounced forgiveness; gave the final blessing...)

Nowadays—

- death usually takes place in a medical institution (about 80% of the time)
- dying person may not be aware
- professionals provide most of the care
- dying person is presided over

Our changing culture and value system has pushed death into a dark corner so we can just play "peek-a-boo" with it. What happens when we get to the gravesite (if there is one)? Where's the pile of dirt? Pushed into the corner, out of view. And what surrounds the vault and casket area? Astro-turf!! It's like we're trying to say, "There's not really a hole under there. We aren't really going to bury the person..."

Expressions of grief which used to be expected are now denied, and people are crushed under the social prohibition of "excessive" grieving.

We looked at how children grieve, the distinctions with gender and age, physiological and psychological responses, that grief is not just associated with

death—what a fun-filled six hours of my life!

But one thing that Dr. Miller said struck me like nothing else: "You never grieve only one loss. A new loss may bring back other losses, especially unresolved ones."

The day before this seminar, the little Sunday church which I serve said goodbye to a young family that was moving to California with a job change. Now, this graying church "ain't exactly" full of boomers and busters, so when these two young leaders with their three teenagers bid their farewells, it was like kissing goodbye to the church's future. It was hard.

Amid the many tears and hugs, I had to read the Word and lead in a prayer of blessing. I made it through okay.

But after the seminar, and in the following days, I was a mess. Angry, confused, bitter—in other words, fairly normal. No, this was not the usual me. What was going on?

I was grieving! I was grieving the present loss of this young family, but the maxim, "You never grieve only one loss" hit me broadside.

I was grieving the times *we* had to move away. I was grieving the times *we* had to pull away from church, family, and friends to relocate. And the one big move that I was grieving the most was our very first one in 1982.

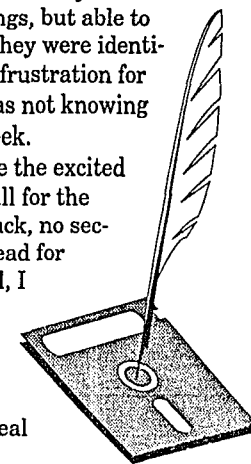
Deciding to pursue seminary in early June, we put our house on the market, pulled up stakes, and moved onto the seminary campus by late August. It was a drastic change—one that I never really processed as a grief; as something to mourn.

Now, 14 years later, I resented the fact that I hadn't properly said the goodbyes or dealt with losing the only life we had known for 25 years.

I was surprised by my feelings, but able to start dealing with them once they were identified and clarified. The biggest frustration for me (and my patient family) was not knowing why I was such a "bear" all week.

Back in 1982, I wanted to be the excited young seminarian, forsaking all for the cause of Christ—no turning back, no second guessing—just forging ahead for the Lord and His Church. Well, I could have at least said goodbye and mourned the real losses that were taking place.

"You never grieve only one loss." And it may not always deal with death.



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To: FRIENDS OF
THE SABBATH RECORDER
From: EDITOR KEVIN BUTLER

DID YOU KNOW THAT THE SABBATH RECORDER IS FUNDED BY YOUR GIFTS? YOUR DONATION TO THE SABBATH RECORDER IS PART OF THE TOTAL SDB DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET.

I HOPE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ENJOYING THE MAGAZINE DURING THIS PAST YEAR AND WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE A TAX DEDUCTIBLE DONATION TO THIS PART OF OUR SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CONNECTION AND OUTREACH. MAY GOD BLESS YOU AND THANK YOU.

GRACE AND PEACE,

Kevin

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